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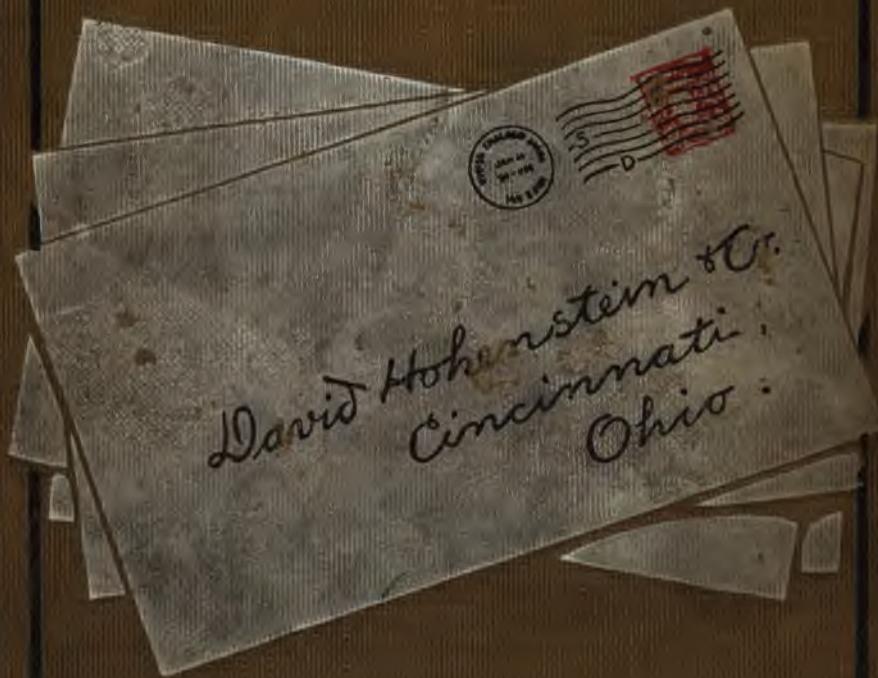
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# LETTERS TO HIS FATHER



*By the author  
of JOHN HENRY etc.*





1



Printed 4/18/94, 18. L.A.

# IKEY'S LETTERS TO HIS FATHER

BY  
**GEORGE V.<sup>e</sup> HOBART**  
Author of "John Henry," etc.

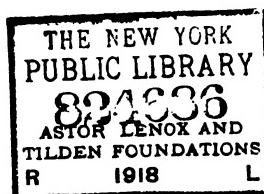


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Issued June, 1907

IKEY'S LETTERS TO HIS FATHER

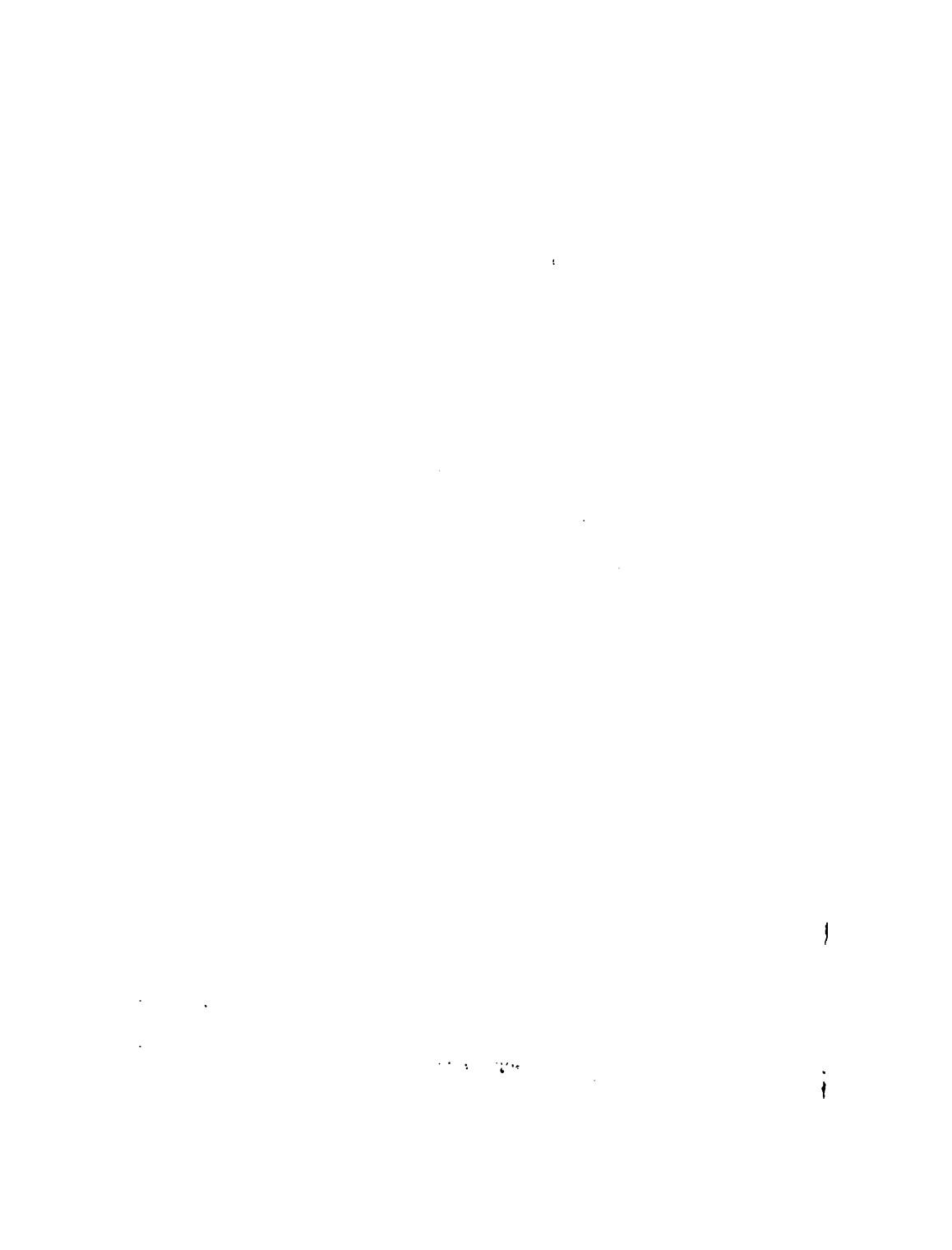
NOV 14/30  
CALIFORNIA  
MAGAZINE

### THIS BOOK

To certain Scholars in the old Night School!  
To frenzied Friend and frozen Foe at Pool!  
To George Technique, the Master, 'neath whose spell  
I tried to play 'em safe—to Digby Bell!  
To Red the Blacksmith, in whose hair doth lodge  
The glow of setting sun—to Will T. Hodge!  
To Mike Milwaukee, scintillating cuss,  
The Human Sidestep, meaning Weinburg—Gus!  
And to the Ironmaster, marvel of finesse,  
That Demon of the Cue—to Bill Burress!  
To These! (May Fortune smile through years of grace!)  
To These! in each and every case An Ace!

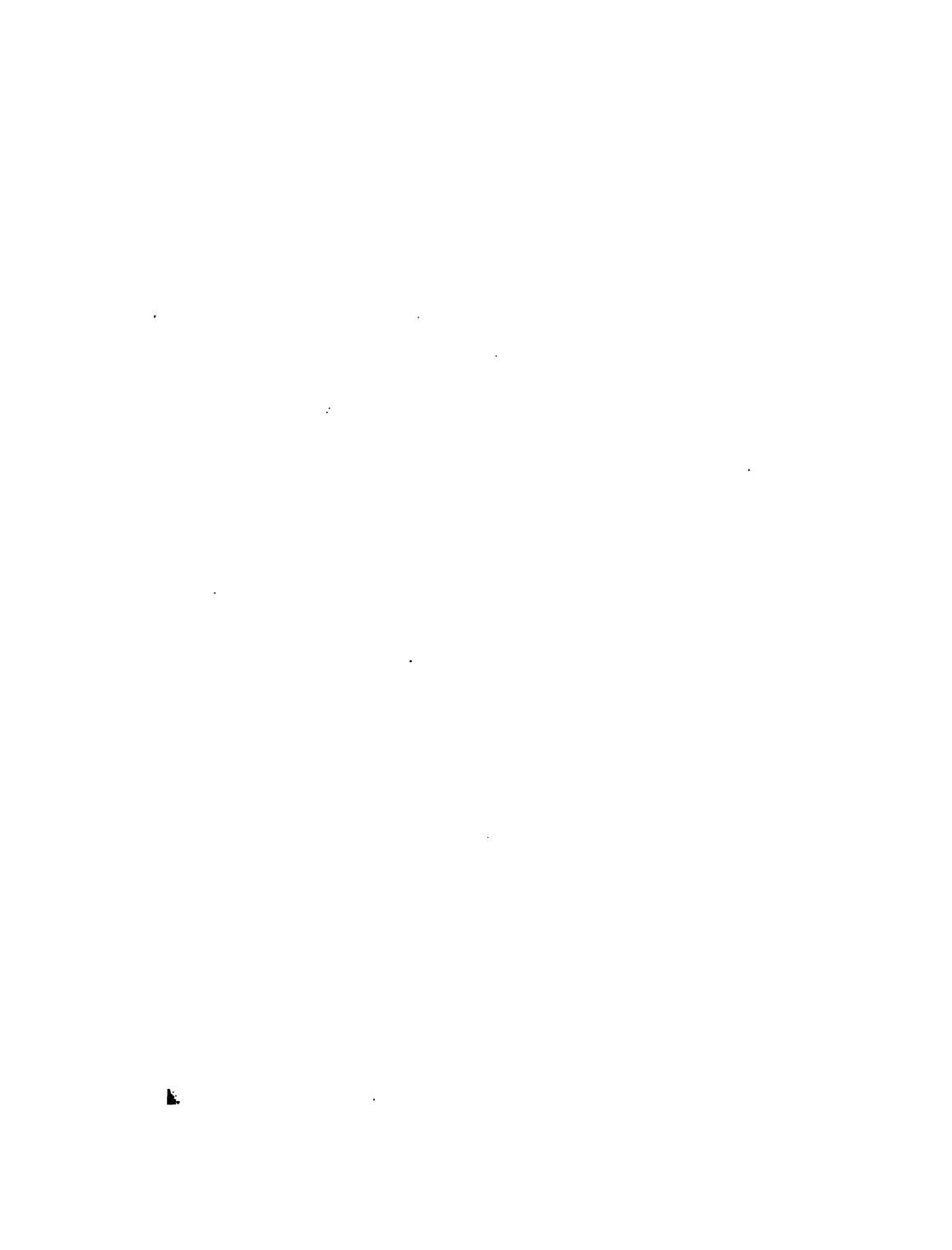
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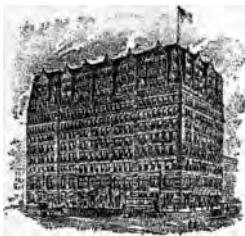
At the Sign of  
The Breaking Day.



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Iroquois.  
ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF.

W. C. Wooding, pres.  
J. H. Glazier, vice pres.  
C. J. Wooding, secy.

Grand Union,  
Saratoga Springs,  
Saratoga County.

The  
**Iroquois Hotel Co.**

Buffalo, N.Y. June 14, 1907.

Dear Father:--I hit Buf on the early train today and I've been chasing that business thing ever since my trunks fell into the sample room.

Say, Pop! don't you lose any sleep about me.

Every little thing is all right.

This may be my first trip on the road selling a complete line of Gents' Furnishings, but you can bet \$8 your son Ikey is aces.

I'm on the job, all right.

I met Izzy Goldsmith on the Pullman coming from Cincy to Cleve and we matched quarters to pass away the time.

I stung him good, you bet your life.

Usually, you know, Izzy takes all the cash away from every false-face he can coax into his game.

But I only lose 46 bones.

He had me 49 bucks to the bad, but I threw it into him good and hard and got back three of them.

I'll make it an even \$50 in my expense account to save bookkeeping on the odd currency.

Anyway, it cost me about four stingarees for the throat paint.

Say, Pop! you want to believe in me.

I'm in this game to stay.

I've got my nerve with me and I'm going through this country like a hot potato through a kitchen door.

You can bet that your judgment was aces when you sent your son out to sell goods for the firm of David Hohenstein & Co.

I'll make every drummer between here and Denver sit up and notice little Ikey.

I sat in a game of draw with Mo Heck, Abe Lowenthal, Pete Rogers and Max Lewisohn on the run from Cleve to Buf and I lose \$14.

I gave Max an I.O.U. for \$10, so I'm only out the four plunks.

I put the \$4 in my expense account under the head of "sleepers" and that's no dream, for I certainly was a dope during that session.

Besides, I firmly believe Mo Heck had a pack of trained cards.

Every time I'd go after him with three deuces he'd whipsaw me with soubrettes full of bullets.

Say, Pop! I may be new in this biz but you're the only one that's wise.

All the hotel clerks are playing me for an old-timer.

I can tell by the way they crowd a \$6-a-day room on me and only charge me \$5.

I guess it must be my general style.

I'm a swell dresser and I'm cutting ice all day long.

I played pool in the hotel here this morning with a stranger. Most entertaining chap I ever met. His first name was Mike. I don't know the rest of his name because I signed all the checks myself.

I won the first two frames and then he suggested playing for a dollar a game. I lose six straight. I guess I'm out of practice.

My expense account may look large this week, but it's all for the good of the house.

Every time I spend fifty cents I mention the firm's name--and that helps some.

Say, Pop! in about another week I'll have them all skinned when it comes to selling shirts and lisle-thread hose. I can tell from the way I've started in that I'll be aces.

Be sure to keep my photograph on your desk.

I showed my samples to a friend I met in the cafe this morning, Mark Ipstein--I guess you don't know him. He used to be in business here in Buffalo, but the police closed him up. Of course he wasn't a customer, but he thought my line of goods is aces.

He spoke well of you, too.

I'm going to buy lunch for him about 2:30 this p.m. He says he knows everybody in Buffalo, so the lunch money is only an investment. He'll plug my game along ever after.

Oh! am I the Foxy Quillquill?--well, maybe!

I'm dictating this letter to a blonde and she's aces. It always gives me writer's cramp to look at some of these key-chasers, but this one--oh, slush!

I don't know what her name is, but I'm going to ask her when I get through this business letter.

She says I mustn't talk in this

manner. It makes her fingers  
stutter.

Say, Pop! the house of David  
Hohenstein & Co. is safe in my  
hands.

I'll be selling so many goods in  
a week I'll burst the safe.

Give me the lowest price on those  
No. 6 Ascot ties with the yellow  
forget-me-nots in the center. The  
tag fell off and was chewed up by a  
new bull-terrier pup I bought for  
three dollars.

Say! that pup is aces.

He can roll over and play dead  
and match for the drinks.

Only trouble is they don't want  
to take him in at some of these  
swell taverns, but I'll leave it to  
you, Pop, if my dog isn't a master-  
piece compared with certain par-  
ties.

I won't mention any names, but  
Abe Lowenthal has nothing on my  
dog.

Give my love to the folks at home

and tell them little Ikey is the  
Big Stick on the road.

With best wishes

from your loving son,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ike". It is written in a cursive style with a horizontal line through it.

P.S.--Her name is Dorothy and  
she's all the goods. She can put  
her initials on all my letters,  
surest thing you know.

Ike.

DAVID HOHENSTEIN

MOSES LOEB

David Hohenstein & Co.  
FURNISHINGS FOR MEN  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
Shirts, Underwear, Neckties, Hose, Etc.

Cincinnati, O., June 17th, 1907.

Dear Ikey:--I received what you mailed me, but I don't know what it is.

You talk an awful lot, but what do you say?

Your letter was so full of aces I felt like I was playing cards.

That kind of talk is very good for a typewriter, but it ain't much good for your father.

My idea was when you went out on the road for David Hohenstein & Co. that you would sell goods, but I judge from your letter that you are trying to act like the Mint on a busy day.

You know, my son, nobody can give

an imitation of the Mint without getting the worst of it.

All going out and nothing coming in isn't a good idea, even at a railroad station.

I don't expect you to sell many goods on your first trip out, but I DO expect you to look at your samples at least once a day and remember you are a gents' furnisher, not a Vanderbilt.

An expense account is one of the things every house has to contend with, but if you keep this up I'll have to use an axe to contend with yours.

It may be that your idea of playing cards with every friend you meet and pool with every stranger is a good one--but I have my doubts.

Of course it will keep you from being homesick, but it won't keep you from going to the poor-farm eventually.

Don't try to romp over these United States throwing money to the

birds, because the birds will get  
your socks before you reach Omaha.

I like to see a young man full of  
life and enthusiasm, but I hate to  
see him full of prunes.

I want you to have a good time,  
but it isn't wise to use up all  
your time having it.

Be a good fellow, Ikey, but don't  
be a good thing.

Hold up your end, but if you see  
your end is going to be a heavy one  
don't try to lift it--then you  
won't have to hold it up.

I am speaking from the heart out,  
Ikey, because you are a son of mine  
and I want you to make your mark--  
and remember, Ikey, no man who is  
an easy mark will ever make his  
mark in this world.

We are all well at home with the  
exception that the cook discharged  
your mother last Friday morning and  
for four days we have lived on  
hash for breakfast, dinner and  
supper.

You know, Ikey, one of your

mother's ancestors discovered the law of gravitation and another one of her ancestors discovered the idea of hash; both of these inventions break out in your mother with much violence every once in a while--especially the hash when we have no cook.

All has been peaceful at home since you left with the exception that your mother read in the papers that the yellow fever germ is caused by mosquitos, so one day last week she sprinkled kerosene all over the premises--especially on your little brother, Henry.

This was such a surprise to Henry's emotions that he lit a couple of matches and sprinkled them on the kerosene, causing a hurried visit from the fire department.

The fire chief told me the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion--which is a pretty hard name to call your mother, even if it was her fault.

The lowest price on No. 6 Ascot ties with the yellow forget-me-nots is \$1 each, net; or if taken in two-dozen lots you can let them go for sixty cents a dozen.

Let me hear from you often, but don't get fresh with those blonde typewriters.

A blonde typewriter and a busy bee have the same characteristic--and if you don't know what that is go ahead and get stung.

With love from your father,

*David Hoenstein*



*Rochester.*

June 19th, 1907.

Dear Pop:--Maybe I'm not all the mustard--well, say!

I hit Roch last night about 8 p.m. and in an hour I had everybody in the hotel talking about our firm.

I was the Big Noise, all right.

I met a lively bunch of influential young guys in the cafe and when I pulled my wheezes on 'em I made 'em laugh their heads off.

It cost me \$4.80 for the drinks, but with every story I told I rung in the firm's name twice, and

that's the kind of advertising that turns the trick, you bet.

Sol Rogers, who travels for Blackenheimer & Whitemeyer, Chicago, same line as me, was present, but didn't vote.

I had Sol lashed to the third rail.

He tried to ring in the name of his firm once or twice, but everybody thought he was calling for a Black and White Scotch highball in Hebrew, so he didn't make good.

Sol has been on the road for fifteen years and you can bet it hurt him some to have me put the brogans to him, and this my first trip out.

Sol was nice about it, I'll say that for him, because when I crowded a 25-cent cigar on him he looked the pickle over and told me I ought to make a peachy traveller --if I can go the distance.

Oh! I'll go the distance, all right, you can bet on that, Pop.

By the way, I've read your letter

over four times and I guess you're right.

You're an older man than I am, Pop, and you ought to be wise to such matters, so what you say goes --it's nix for the blonde type-writers hereafter.

Brunettes are good enough for Ikey.

This one is a brune and she's a beaut.

If there's a troop in town tonight I'm going to ask her to let me lead her to an aisle seat and be her peppermint boy.

Business in Buf was on the fraz.

I sure beat the surface off the sidewalks looking for orders, but I didn't get enough to pay the coon who carried my sample-case.

That dinge was a scream with me. Sing!--you ought to hear him. He has Williams & Walker all gone a hush-a-bye-baby-in-the-tree-top.

He said his name was Peter Lowenthal, but that's the first

time I ever heard of a Yiddisher coon.

I guess he piped my name on the sample-case and concluded he'd get more of the gate receipts if he chipped in with the Chosen.

I don't know why I didn't sell more goods in Buf, but I think it was Mo Grossheimer's fault. Mo lost a big bunch of coin playing bridge whist and when I wouldn't stake him to a fifty spot I believe he put the gypsy's curse on me.

That's the only reason I know of, because I was on my job all right.

But, say, Pop! I won't do a thing to the trade in Roch.

I'll have all the retailers running out of their stores screaming for Hohenstein's underwear--leave it to me!

Keep my photo on your desk, Pop, because I'm for you all the while.

I played pinochle this afternoon with Silvio Hein, the musical cut-up.

I lose \$9, but Silvio says it

won't take me any time to learn the game.

He says as long as I'm willing to play for two dollars a game I'll always find a good player to go against--gee! ain't it great to be popular.

Remember me to the folks at home and tell them little Ikey is the Big Tree in the woods.

Yours with love,



P.S.--The brune says her name is Mary and there's a troop in town tonight. It's Ikey for the glad garments and the aisle seats. The more I think of it the more I'm convinced that you're right about those blondes, Pop. Ike.

DAVID HOHENSTEIN

MOSES LOEB

David Hohenstein & Co.  
FURNISHINGS FOR MEN  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
Shirts, Underwear, Neckties, Hose, Etc.

Cincinnati, O., June 24th, 1907.

Dear Ikey:--From Rochester you wrote me a lot of queer language, but you don't send any orders.

You know, Ikey, you are out travelling for the purpose of selling goods, and it gives your father rheumatism all around his wrist when the nearest you get to an order is what you give in an expensive restaurant.

You send me home a fine bunch of orders for Hohenstein's glove-fitting Union suits and I don't care if you write me only once a week, and let that be a postal card.

This idea of rushing through the world being the Big Smoke and the

Big Noise may be all right for a freight-engine but it's a poor scheme for a young drummer, because it wears your voice out and makes people want to kick you.

There are two houses in Buffalo that never fail to give us big orders and when you didn't get these orders it worried me a whole lot.

Yesterday we got the orders direct from the two firms in Buffalo, together with letters of explanation.

It seems that you went into one store and hung around the wire cage where the girl cashier was doing time. You began to whisper to her through the wire netting that she was a "handsome bit of bric-a-brac" and that her dreamy eyes reminded you of Maxine Elliot, and that if she wanted candy you'd reach up to the highest shelf and pull it down for her.

You told her that money was your specialty; that old Monte Cristo

was your grandfather and your father's name was Monte Carlo.

Incidentally you informed her that when it came to showing people a good time you were the Whole Works.

You invited her out to take supper with you and told her if she accepted you'd buy nothing but that good wine they call Pommery and she could put on her rubber boots and slosh around in it.

Finally, to get rid of you, she agreed and you walked out of the store whistling "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," without ever once remembering that you went in there to sell underwear and suspenders.

Next morning the girl's brother hunted for you at the hotel with the laudable intention of knocking your block off, but you jumped in a hack and beat him to the depot by ten minutes.

And how about the other Buffalo firm--Baldo Brothers--who never fail to give us an order?

Just as you were going in you met Sol Rogers coming out, and knowing full well that Sol travels for an opposition house you let him steer you all wrong.

Sol took you to one side and said he wanted to show his friendship for you by giving you a valuable tip. "Don't sell Baldo Brothers a dollar's worth, because they're going to the wall in 48 hours," said Sol, and you broke your neck getting to the telegraph office to send me \$8 worth of tommyrot over the wire, while Sol went back in the store and tried to take our order away.

Fortunately Baldo Brothers have dealt with us for nineteen years and wouldn't believe Sol when he told them that you had called them the Onion Brothers.

Get out of that trance, Ikey, and go after orders.

If you find you can't go by a pretty cashier girl without pausing

to make faces at her why don't you  
wear blinders?

Sentiment and business won't mix,  
my boy, any more than oil will mix  
with water; and if you do mix 'em,  
it makes a nice cup of tea, now  
doesn't it?

Your photo is still on my desk,  
but it's full of flies.

With love from your father,

*David Hohenstein*

# The Heublein

FACING BUSHNELL PARK.  
JUNCTION OF LEWIS, WELLES AND TRUMBULL STS.

Hartford, Conn. June 29, 1907.

Dear Pop:--Did you pipe the orders from Roch, eh, what?

I guess that was going some.

Maybe I didn't pull off the Big Killing right in that little old burg, well, ask me!

The town was full of drummers, but I made them all feel like a country road on a rainy day.

I told you I'd keep loading the safe with real money till it fell apart--leave it to little Ikey.

Say, Pop, I think I'm going to get married.

Don't tell mother and sister, but I'm beginning to hear wedding bells and little voices come to me in the night and call me "Papa!"

It's that brune in Roch.

She is what is technically known as the Queen of the Calicoes, and as a looker she's the limit.

I took her out to the theatre and after the show we nibbled for a happy hour at some fancy food in the swellest restaurant I could find.

It was a Dennett's feast, and to prove I was a true sport I ordered everything on the card except liver and bacon.

Even at that it only set me back 90 cents, and 10 cents I slipped the waiter--that's a single case note, and we had griddle cakes and pie and coffee and beans and ham.

She ate the ham.

It's a godsend to us drummers that towns like Roch haven't a Rector's.

After the banquet I strolled home with her under the twinkling stars.

The influence of the balmy night made me mushy and I talked of love, sweet love.

I told her that when it came to

being a nice fellow and popular  
with the girls I had Romeo looking  
like a wife-beater.

Then I switched to family affairs  
and handed her a hot line of talk  
to the effect that my family is the  
swellest in Cincy and that you,  
Pop, are worth over \$9,000,000.

That made awful good with her.

When we reached her door step I  
put my arm around her and tried to  
paste a kiss on her face, but she  
hit me a wallop that nearly broke  
my bugle.

Then she said, "Young man, trim  
your wick or you'll go out!" and  
exit haughtily, slamming door in  
face.

But it proved one thing, Pop, and  
that is that she's a good girl, and  
I'm strong for the good girls, you  
bet.

I began to think it all over  
coming here on the train and I de-  
cided the only thing for me to do  
is to get married, so I wired  
Mary--that's the brune's name.

I mentioned your \$9,000,000 in the telegram and I told her if she'd get under the orange blossoms with me I'd book an expensive passage to Europe on the Kaiser Wilhelm, and if she didn't like the pretzel boats I'd hire a yacht.

I also told her that if she didn't care to go abroad we'd spend our honeymoon in New York, zigzagging between Luna Park and the rubber-neck wagons.

I told her a lot of other things, but the telegram only cost nine dollars and sixty cents--and what's a little chicken feed like that compared with a man's future happiness?

I know you'll like the brune, Pop.

She'll harmonize immense with the dark oak furniture in our parlor at home.

And she can yank Lohengrin out of one of those self-playing pianos to beat the band.

She's awful refined and she'll be  
a great help to mother.

I was going to send you her photo  
but I've mislaid it.

I'll get another and chase it to  
you so you can put it on your desk  
with mine.

I got your letter, Pop, and I've  
worried a whole lot over that Buf  
affair, but you've got it all  
wrong, believe me!

You've made a serious mistake,  
Pop, because I didn't whistle  
"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie"  
when I walked out of that store.

It was "Waiting At The Church."  
If those grouchy guys had to hand  
you a knock on me why didn't they  
get the straight dope?

You can count on some swell or-  
ders from Hartf, because I'm going  
right out after them now, and I'm  
keen to-day, keen.

I expect an answer from Mary when  
I get to Philly to-morrow night.

Mary is that brune I spoke about.  
Leave it to me, Pop. When I go

out in the orchard of love I won't  
pick a lemon.

It'll be a pippin, all right.

I'm sore because you let the  
flies light on my photo.

Give 'em the 23, Pop, because I'm  
the goods, all right.

Remember me to mother and sister,  
but don't mention the brune.

I want that to be a surprise.

So long, Mary--I mean so long,  
Pop.

Gee! that muslin has me winging.

From your loving son,



P.S.--The cost of living is  
awfully high, owing to a strike out  
in Butte, Montana; so I'm drawing  
on you to-day for fifty plunks.

Ike.

DAVID HOHENSTEIN

MOSES LOEB

David Hohenstein & Co.  
FURNISHINGS FOR MEN  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
Shirts, Underwear, Neckties, Hose, Etc.

Cincinnati, O., July 3rd, 1907.

Dear Ikey:--We are still waiting  
for those orders from Rochester.

I received a large envelope  
addressed in your handwriting and  
postmarked Rochester, but it did  
not contain any orders.

Its contents were as follows:--  
one Chinese laundry ticket, two  
pink coupons for seats B2 and B4;  
one piece of poetry clipped from a  
newspaper and entitled, "O Unkisst  
Love;" one white poker chip; one  
program of a play called "Why  
Women Sin;" one empty cigarette  
box; one photograph of a lady--  
brunette; and two verses written in  
lead-pencil on the back of an  
envelope, evidently the work of an

amateur, addressed to "Mary At The Mill," and continuing as follows:--

O Mary,  
When you pound that old machine,  
    You are  
Very fair to look upon, I ween!  
    See your  
Fairy fingers chasing  
    First at  
Letters then at spacing  
    At the  
Typer you're the limit, O my Queen!.

O Mary,  
At the Mill, I love to see  
    Your fingers  
Hop around from key to key;  
    When I  
Dictate to you, dearest,  
    In my  
Heart I hold you nearest.  
    'Cause I  
Hope that some day you'll dictate  
    to me!

What you went out on the road  
for, Ikey, was orders, not to make

your father a safety deposit for a lot of nonsense.

It never entered my head that you are a poet, Ikey, because if I had had a suspicion to that effect when you were younger I would have taken a broomstick and knocked the lyrics out of you.

I think if I had you here now I'd make an earnest effort to stand you on your head and spill a few of your hexameters over the carpet.

You let those typewriter girls alone, blonde and brunette.

I'm glad that one in Rochester did give you a wallop. If she had given you all you deserved you'd be in a plaster of Paris cast and eating your meals from a spoon this blessed minute.

And don't let me hear any more talk about your getting married.

What have you got to support a wife on, I'd like to know?

Oh, yes; I know your answer,  
"You, papa!"

You've been out on the road now

for nearly two weeks making the Big Noise and being the Loud Splash, but we haven't eight dollars' worth of orders to prove it.

I want to be a good father, Ikey, but you mustn't get the idea in your head that I'm a saucer of cottage pudding.

You know I'm not the only member of this firm, and my partner is beginning to squirm every time your name is mentioned.

He asked me yesterday if you were travelling for your health, and if so, why the firm has to pay your expenses.

The trouble with you, Ikey, is that your mental balance wheel needs oiling.

I can hear it creak from where I'm sitting.

You're staggering over the country like Aunt Rachel did the evening she tried your mother's punch.

Your mother brewed a punch one evening last week and Aunt Rachel,

who is a very nervous woman, took three tumblers of it, hoping to cure her nervousness.

First she fell into the fender with a crash that woke the neighborhood, then she struggled and got up, but sat down again with such suddenness that she raised her hand to her head to see if her spine had pierced her lace cap. Then she tried to get up again by holding on to the coal-box, but she forgot that it was on casters, so it carried her swiftly across the room and caused her to butt a large hole in the sideboard with her head.

When I heard about it I couldn't help thinking that Aunt Rachel's erratic actions after the punch bear a startling family resemblance to your first trip as a drummer.

She, however, had the excuse of the punch.

What do you want to do, Ikey,  
break me and the firm and become a  
sandwich man yourself?

An egg can keep the secret of its

age till it's broke, but when a man goes broke he can't keep anything.

Now the idea is this, Ikey, if you can't get orders you get a train and come home.

I'll put you to work in the factory where the only blonde you'll see will be a bleached undershirt, and you can flirt to your heart's content with the scrub woman, age 64, color black, disposition peevish.

The flies have left your photo, but not spotless.

With love from your father,

*David Hohenstein*

**STAFFORD HOTELS**

HOTEL IMPERIAL  
EUROPEAN PLAN  
BROADWAY & 52D STREET  
NEW YORK

HOTEL WALTON  
EUROPEAN PLAN  
BROAD AND LOCUST STREETS  
PHILADELPHIA

MANSION HOUSE  
AMERICAN PLAN  
BUFFALO, N.Y.



July 5th, 1907.

Dear Pop:--I got your letter all right, Pop, and I was glad to hear from you.

I'm sorry to learn that Aunt Rachel did a hoodah over the furniture and I hope she isn't beaten up much.

That woman ought to sign the pledge.

I didn't get many orders in Hartford, but I had a swell time--oh, cinnamon cake!

There happened to be an ace show in town and maybe I didn't mingle.

The show is "Coming Thro The Rye" and it's the ginger goods all right.

After the show had trouped I met an awfully nice girl--she was neither blonde nor brune, rather betwixt and between, but a corking looker.

I took her out to supper and we spoke about you quite often.

Her name is Maggie Moriarity--stage name Gladiolus Hetherington.

When I told her you were worth \$9,000,000 she said she'd often heard of you and wanted to know if you hadn't been Mayor of Cincy at one time.

I said yes and then she said her Paw had once been Mayor of Portland, Oregon, so it was horse and horse.

She's an awfully clever girl, Gladys is. I could tell by the good grammar she used, and a peach actress!

She scored awful heavy in dramatic work and the only reason she's in the chorus now is because while she was with Richard Mansfield somebody dropped a stage

brace and made a helva racket off stage during one of Richard's quiet scenes. After his bit Dick rushed off and discharged everybody in sight. Gladys happened to be standing there and she got hers.

Oh, it's a cruel life, the stage,  
a cruel life!

Gladys confided in me that she wants to be a star on Broadway.

It'll only take about \$20,000 to turn the trick, she says, and if ever she gets an 8:30 ring-up on the Great White Way she'll sure show them the velvet goods.

There were tears in her eyes when she said it, Pop, and from that moment I began to save up my coin.

Twenty thou isn't such an awful much, and if I can't raise it all myself maybe I can get some of the boys in the Keno Club at home to go in with me.

You know, Pop, that girl simply MUST get out on Broadway and show them.

You ought to hear her talk, Pop!

Why, compared with Gladys, Mary Anderson didn't have a palate, and as for elocution, she can make Sara Bernhardt look like a stage wait.

She's an impersonator, too--oh, full of talent, Pop, full of it!

You ought to see her twist the map and do Eddie Foy--a scream, believe me!

When it comes to giving life-like imitations, she has Cissie Loftus looking like a broken mirror in a bum boarding house.

Say! that girl got me so interested I opened four quarts of Pommery, but I'll get the money back when she opens on Broadway.

She's good for a year right in the one theatre--she told me so herself.

I don't think the poor girl is used to Pommery, because she went to it like a kitten to its milk.

But not a vulgar lush, Pop, not at all. It was more like the quiet and insidious effort of an imported

and expensive sponge. She absorbed, so to speak.

She said she had a disposition that yearned for wine, so she proceeded to give her disposition a Pommery shower bath.

But a lady, to say the least.

After the fourth quart of Pom she started in to do "Camille" for me, but she coughed so hard while getting her atmosphere that she got the hiccups and they closed the show.

I didn't see her next morning, because I had to take an early train, but I left a note for her in which I told her she was my star of hope, and that she'd have a theatre on Broadway if I had to gonoph the price.

She was an awfully nice girl, Pop, and I know it, because I'm Hoyle on Shirt Waists.

I haven't been around yet to see any of our customers here in Philly, because yesterday was the

Glorious Fourth and I went down to Atlantic City to celebrate.

I beat the splinters off the Boardwalk all day with Morrie Meyers and we had an elegant time.

Morrie wanted to introduce me to an awfully swell bunch of Society Buds who came in on an excursion train from Shamokin, Pa., but I was the Human Sidestep.

No Shamokins for mine.

But, say, Pop, that Atlantic City thing is entirely to my liking.

Morrie Meyers took me all over the fortifications and you bet he knows that village from the Inlet to the Elephant.

And what do you think, Pop, he spent dollar for dollar with me-- can you believe it?

You know, Pop, I'm so accustomed to hiking around the pleasure grounds with pikers who forgot to cash a check or left their pocket-books in their limousines that Morrie came into my hot young life like a cool breeze from the North.

We went out on Young's pier and saw them pull in the nets, and hereafter I don't want ever to look a fish in the face again.

The fisherman told me they had caught a couple of sharks early that morning, but they didn't catch the one that lured me into his hack at the depot and drove me to the Rudolph.

Those Atlantic City hackmen have all made up their minds to get rich quick, and the way they reach out and try to cop the hard-earned from the visiting Reubs is pitiful.

And some of 'em are such rude persons, too.

Morrie Meyers told me of an instance. A lady friend of his had to drive up town quite late one night from one of the beach palaces where she'd been playing bridge. She had to go home alone because her escort went in bathing in the cafe and got caught in the under-tow. When they pulled him out he

had a lobster on each side of him  
and all three were spifflicated.

When the lady finally reached her destination she got out of the scow and was struggling hard to find her money in the hidden pocket which her imported dressmaker had cutely inserted in some remote and impossible back width, whereupon the hackman observed, "When you're done scratching yourself I'll thank you for my fare!"

We went out on the Steel Pier in the evening to pipe the siss-boom-ahs! and listen to the Musical Union beating the tom-toms, and it was great.

Morrie introduced me to an awfully nice girl with white hair.

I think she's an Albino, but a Looker from Looksville.

Her eyebrows had cancelled their booking and had moved on to the next stand, but her eyes were dark and dreamy and not at all like a rabbit's.

I was her megaphone man on the

Pier and later on with Morrie and his fiancee from Cleveland we had a saucy little supper at the hotel.

Morrie's girl is an heiress with money enough to go to Newport, but owing to the shape of her nose she can't get through the gate.

She has so much money, that girl, that everybody speaks of her as Morrie's finance.

I'm going out now after that business thing, Pop, and I'll have every man, woman and child within the city limits wearing Hohenstein's underwear before sundown.

There are about ten firms I want to see and I'm going to drop in on 'em all between 2 o'clock and 2:45, because there's an express for the beach at three and I'm some anxious to see the lady with the white Munyons.

I promised to drive double with her in a roller chair this balmy eve and I hired a smoke who is deaf to push the buggy.

Remember me kindly to mother and

sister and dust off my photo because I'm an active boy and deserve encouragement.

If old man Loeb has a grouch on you tell him to take some liver pills and be good and I'll begin to mail him some colored postal cards tomorrow.

From your loving son,



P. S.--Oh, I forgot to tell you, Pop, I'm not going to get married, unless I fall for the Bino at the Beach.

Anyway, that's all off with Mary, the brune at Roch, so you needn't lay any carpet from the doorstep to the curbstone.

I found a telegram here from Mary when I arrived.

This is a copy of it:--

Rochester, N. Y., July 1st, 1907  
Isaac Hohenstein,

Hotel Walton,

Philadelphia.

Put on your rubbers and beat it.

M.

Isn't that a helva way for a  
skirt to act with a nice fellow  
like me, now I ask you!

And I told that girl she could  
have anything she wanted.

I even went so far as to promise  
to import a Smell Wagon from Paris  
and if she had expressed the wish I  
would have had the tires set with  
diamonds for her, and the best I  
get is the razzoo!

Oh! scold me, Pop, scold me and  
make me behave if ever again I bow  
the knee to a blonde or brune in  
Roch.                                   Ike.

DAVID HOHENSTEIN

MOSES LOEB

David Hohenstein & Co.  
FURNISHINGS FOR MEN  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
Shirts, Underwear, Neckties, Hose, Etc.

Cincinnati, O., July 7th, 1907.

Dear Ikey:--Some hotel paper and a lot of words came from you this morning, but there was nothing sensible in sight except the stamp, and that was cancelled.

Ikey, I ask you, as father to son, are you trying to wear me out?

I ask you, as one of your employers, have you got or are you getting crazy?

As a plain business man I ask you, what has the Boardwalk in Atlantic City got to do with an order for suspenders, and what has a girl with Albino hair got to do with imported gents' underwear?

You know, Ikey, I sent you out on the road to build up trade for the

firm of David Hohenstein & Co., and not to build homes for obliging waiters in the all-night restaurants.

I gave you the best territory and sent you out among our best customers, but you haven't sold enough goods to pay your car-fare from here to Cleveland.

I ought to go to Philadelphia, get you, place you in front of me and kick you back home to Cincinnati.

But if I did it I suppose you'd invite some lady friend to go along and bump the bumps with you.

I hate to confess it, Ikey, but I'm afraid you are hopeless.

The only way to tie you to your job is to put a ball and chain on your ankle and hire Simon Legree to urge you forward.

I'm going to give you just one more chance, Ikey.

Go and see all our customers in Philadelphia and get busy.

Take orders for suspenders, sell

neckties and underwear and boom our  
lisle-thread hose till you lose  
your voice--get busy, Ikey, and  
square yourself.

If you don't you and I will hold  
a reunion and I'm quite liable to  
lose my temper and lead you out to  
the woodshed.

It's your last chance, Ikey! so  
grab it and make good.

With love from your father,

*David Hohenstein*



CABLE ADDRESS - MUSCHENHEIM, NEW YORK

**Hotel Astor**  
TIME'S SQUARE  
**New York**

W.M.C. MUSCHENHEIM

July 9th, 1907.

Dear Pop:--I intended to wait in Philly till I heard from you but Sunday night I met Jake Gross in front of the merry-go-round on the Boardwalk and I liked his line of talk.

Monday morning Jake steered me over here to York and up against the first real chance I ever had to make a pot of money.

The idea is to beat the races at Brighton Beach.

It looks like a pipe, Pop.

I never met Jake before, but anybody can see that he's an ace.

Monday he took me down to the

track and we put a crimp in the Bookies for fair.

Jake told me when I met him in Atlantic that he had recently lost \$92,000 in Wall Street, so I was only too glad to stake him to a meal ticket and pay all railroad fares in return for the sure-things he can dope out.

I figure that owing to my inexperience I may have set you and the firm back a few simoleums since I've been on the road, but when I send you a certified check for \$10,000 out of my winnings at the track tomorrow you'll be proud of your son Ike.

As for old man Loeb, when I hurl that \$10,000 into the firm's treasury I expect he'll do splits all over the office and wire me congratulations, collect.

I've made up my mind to do it, Pop, and nothing can stop me.

And I've got the tools to do it with--it's a 20-to-1 shot in the

fourth race--something that can't go wrong.

But I must tell you about Monday--gee! maybe Jake Gross doesn't know that horse game!

He's the human pickster, that boy is.

Any time you want to know anything about a horse you'll find Jake with a sign on his forehead, "Inquire Within."

He's there with the informaish, and a ladle.

When I hit the track Monday I had exactly sixty bones to my name and when Jake touched me for fifty my total assets were ten gigs.

Jake put the fifty on a 10-to-1 shot in the first race.

He advised me not to bet because we might need my money to find the pathway back to the white lights.

The 10-to-1 thing came through to Jake like a money-order from home, putting him 500 weeweeks to the good.

After cashing he told me he'd

owe me that fifty for a while  
because it would spoil the charm if  
he had to break a bill--showing  
how superstitious people are at the  
track.

In the second race he picked out  
another plump thing at 20 to 1 and  
advised me to hoist a five-spot on  
it.

Jake stayed off because he said  
he'd got a cinder in his eye and he  
wouldn't be able to watch the race.

Around near the stretch my horse  
crossed his front legs and sat  
down, Turkish fashion, and I lose  
the five zimboes.

Jake explained to me that the  
horse had once belonged to a tailor  
and consequently had inherited the  
habit of working while it sat.

Of course I've never studied the  
laws of heredity, so I suppose  
there's something in it.

I'll take Jake's word for it,  
anyway, because he's on.

In the third race Jake picked out  
a dish of oatmeal for me and I put

up my last V at 10 to 1 and the baby romped home.

Jake told me that he wouldn't charge me any commission, but as I had won fifty bucks we'd simply call it square on the fifty gilt things he had borrowed from me.

That sounded all right to me, so I opened a quart of Pommery just to splash my luck in the suds.

When the grape had started the birdies singing all over my system I began to act independent and I doped out a pigeon in the fourth race that looked to me as if it ought to fly home.

Jake handed me a harsh laugh when I mentioned the name of my choice and told me if I persisted in such a woozy enterprise I would eventually land in the House of Bug.

But the grape kept bubbling within and the more it bubbled the surer I was that my horse would win, so finally I went to it with

my fifty killwillies and got 6 to 1.

Believe me, Pop, that gee-gee simply slid home.

It pushed its face in front at the get-away and never did stop.

That horse travelled so fast that it made the other entries look like part of the scenery.

I was old Herman Hurryup to the paying teller for my 300 plunks, and when I found Jake and started in to laugh him to a blush he very gently informed me that he had two hundred dollars on the same horse.

He said the reason he tried to steer me off was that he was afraid if the horse was detained I couldn't afford to lose the money.

There's a real friend for you, Pop.

While strolling around to give myself a chance to swell up over the luck which had put me three hundred and fifty guldens to the good, who should I run into but Myrtle Mulligitawney.

You remember Myrtle, Pop.

I met her in Cincy last season  
when she was there with "The Ham  
Tree." ,

She was that fluffy blonde on the  
end in the song, "Good-Bye, Dear  
Old Manhattan Isle"--and a queen!

Maybe you didn't meet her.

Well, anyway, she was awful glad  
to see me and she asked after you  
and all the home folks.

Myrtle said she had a hunch on a  
skate called "Maybe" in the fifth  
race, a 30-to-1 shot.

I tried to shoo her away from  
such a selection, but she wouldn't  
stand for it and insisted that I  
bet a ten-spot for her on "Maybe."

I tried to put her wise to the  
fact that those long shots win only  
when there's an ebb-tide, but she  
said she had patted a humpback on  
the shoulder as she came in, and  
night before last she had dreamed  
that a gentleman friend took her to  
Tiffany's and told them to wrap up

the store and give it to her, and that was good luck.

My choice in the fifth race was "Morning Glory" at 3 to 1, but Myrtle had all her fingers tied up in "Maybe's" mane and wouldn't let go.

I took her ten-spot and, being really anxious to see the girl get ahead in the world, I put it on "Morning Glory," together with a fifty of my own.

Then I went back to Myrtle to watch the race and was prepared to give her the merry josh when her turtle turned in its toes and ran backwards.

Believe me, Pop, a few minutes later I got the shock of my life, for "Maybe" won in a waltz movement.

I made a bluff of going to the Bookie, dug the 300 piasters out of my own jeans, went back and presented the coin to Myrtle.

She handed me a high hand, said "Thanks awfully!" and ducked with a

handsome stranger, leaving me flat.

I suppose the excitement of winning so much money turned her brain, poor girl.

And there was I, waiting for the price.

I hadn't a bean left, not a bean, and the white lights twenty miles away.

Finally when I ran into Jake he had his wishbone pressed against the bar and he was saying over and over, "Clink, clank! clink, clank! clink, clank!"

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Hsssh!" he said, "I'm making a noise like a National Bank, clink, clank! clink, clank!"

"Win again?" I inquired.

"Surest thing you know!" he gurgled; "I'm old George Winitall, proprietor of the Cash Inn, that's who I am."

"Well, that's a helva way to treat me," I snapped.

"Don't get petulant, darling," he

came back. "Where were you before the fifth race?"

"I was talking with a lady friend of mine," I answered.

"A blonde, I take it," he chuckled. "Of course you have to go and peroxide yourself at the very time you ought to be attending to business. I had a Standard Oil for you, a pipe, a golden cinch, and there you were swapping goo-gooes with a bleach, fie upon you, Ikey, fie!"

And being broke I had to stand there and take the gaff.

"Why I win over \$4,000 on that last race and you should have made a bunch of important money yourself," he went on.

"What horse?" I asked meekly.

"A plug called 'Maybe' and I had it up my sleeve for a week," he answered.

The only reason I didn't faint was because I held on to the bar rail with both hands.

"Are you broke?" Jakey asked.

"Yes, I am; but that's none of your business," I said.

"Cheese, Bo," he came back; "never let it be said that Jake Gross went back on a friend. I'll buy the rides back to Broadway and to-morrow I'll stake you to a ten-spot and a bunch of sure things that will put you up in the Rockerfeller class. Be good now and take a drink while I take another peep at this wad of bills--clink, clank! clink, clank!"

Say, Pop, it's all right.

If I see any girls I know at the track to-morrow I'll be young Doctor Frozenface and the cold wave flag will be up till I pull off this killing.

The idea is this: Jake stakes me to a ten-spot, which I am to bet on "Turnips," a 20-to-1 shot in the first race, that's \$300 to the good.

I stay off the second race, but in the third I plant my \$300 on

"Fusel Oil" at 10-to-1--that's  
\$3,000 to the good.

Then in the fourth race comes the real bit of finance. In this race there's a spoiled child called "Mince Pie" which is under cover so deep that the odds will be about 20 to 1.

Up goes my \$3,000 on "Mince Pie," and when that precocious baby romps home I'll be \$63,000 to the good.

I'll mail you a check for \$10,000 early next morning and if you need any more just wire me.

You can go as far as you like with me, Pop.

Tell mother I'm going to send her a large check, too, so she can buy a lot of hand-made pictures for the parlor and be independent if she wants to pull off a bridge whist meet.

I must cut this letter short now because I have to meet Jake.

He promised to buy me a boiled dinner and, besides, he's going to

teach me to make that noise like a  
National Bank.

I'll want to use it to-morrow  
evening.

With love from your son,



P.S.--Send out and get a gold  
frame for my photo, Pop, and don't  
worry about the future. I won't  
let money ever come between us.  
But if Loeb ever speaks to me when  
I'm a rich man I'll make my fist up  
like a lemon and hand him one.

Ike.

821336

**POSTAL TELEGRAPH**



**COMMERCIAL CABLES**

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

# **TELEGRAM**

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. DESIGN PATENT NO. 86269.  
The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this message subject to the terms  
and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

COUNTER NUMBER.	TIME FILED.	CHECK.
No. 73	11:44 m	4 paid

*Send the following message, without repeating, subject to the terms and conditions printed  
on the back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.*

(1591)

Cincinnati, July 11, 1907.

To Isaac Hohenstein,

Hotel Astor,

New York, N. Y.

Start home at once.

David Hohenstein.

**POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES**



CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

**TELEGRAM**

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. DESIGN PATENT NO. 86886.

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NO.	COUNTER NUMBER.	TIME FILED.	CHECK.
No.	7	6 p m	33 collect

Send the following message, without repeating, subject to the terms and conditions printed  
on the back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

(1591)

New York, July 11, 1907.

To David Hohenstein,

c/o D. Hohenstein & Co.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jake fell down and sprained his system.  
I lose. He staked me to ten.  
Leaving for Philly to get my samples.  
Will be at Walton. Kindest regards to  
you and home folks.

Ikey.



# **POSTAL TELEGRAPH**

#### **COMMERCIAL CABLES**

**CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.**

# **TELEGRAM**

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COUNTER NUMBER.	TIME FILED.	CHECK.
14	10:30 am	10 paid

Send the following message, without repeating, subject to the terms and conditions printed  
on the back hereof, which are hereby agreed to:

(1501)

Cincinnati, July 12th, 1907.

To Isaac Hohenstein,

**Hotel Walton,**

**Philadelphia, Pa.**

You come to me or I'll come to you.

**David Hohenstein.**

**POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES**



CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

**TELEGRAM**

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. DESIGN PATENT No. 52252.

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COUNTER NUMBER. No. 23	TIME FILED. 2 p m	CHECK. 65 collect
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*Send the following message, without repeating, subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.*

(1591)

Philadelphia, July 12, 1907.

To David Hohenstein

c/o D. Hohenstein & Co.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

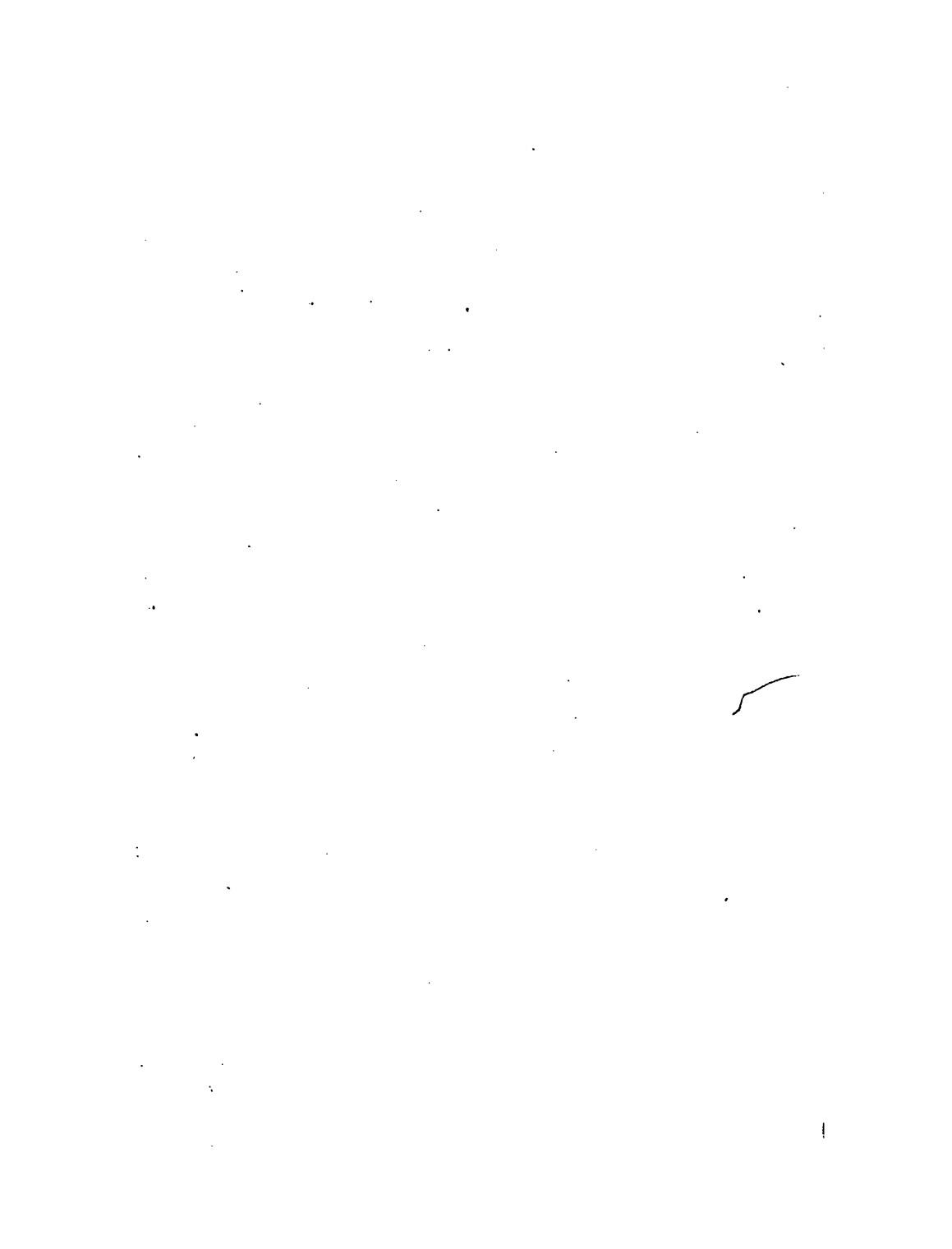
Your telegram received too late to  
secure sleeper on midnight train.

Will leave for home tomorrow morning.

Meantime must run down to Atlantic to  
bid the Bino farewell. What good is a  
man if he doesn't keep a sacred prom-  
ise to a trusting woman? Kindest re-  
gards to you and the home folks. Tell  
Loeb not to meet me at the depot. I'm  
too nervous.

Ikey.





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